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THE TRANSCRIPT.

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WILBUR F. DAVIS, Editor and Proprietor.

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History of St. Albans.

By an old Resident.

PART XII.

As early as 1812 there was in St. Albans a few Episcopal families. Five females, belonging to those families, were communicants. But no religious service was enjoyed until the year 1819, at which time the Rev. Stephen Beach, a missionary sent to officiate in this county, first visited St. Albans, and performed the service of the church, and preached in the court house, which, for a while, was occupied on the Sabbath alternately by the Congregationalists and Episcopalians.

On the 26th of August, 1816, the number of those who were disposed to favor the formation of an Episcopal society, having somewhat increased, a compact agreement was drawn up and signed by 15 men, residing in St. Albans, according to an act of the legislature entitled an act for the support of the gospel. Most of these men are now dead. These person were Ashbel Smith, Benj. Chandler, Abijah Stone, Abner Morton, Samuel Barlow, Orange Ferris, Joshua Brooks, B. B. Downs, Joseph Carter, Jr., Hubbard Barlow, John Nason, Bingham Lasell, Abijah Hubbell, Agustus Bryant and John Wood. At this time there was no place for public worship belonging to the society; and their meetings were held at private houses, and sometimes in the upper rooms of the academy. Mr. Beach continued to perform the duties of his calling till the Spring of 1822, when he voluntarily suspended himself from the exercise of his ministry until the difficulties into which he had fallen should be settled. Late in the year 1822, Rev. Elijah Brainerd, who had been preaching to the Congregational society in St. Albans, became an Episcopalian, and received Deacon's orders in the Episcopal church, and for about nine months officiated as rector of the parish one half of the time. In Nov., 1823, the Rev. Nathad B Burgess, from Connecticut, visited the parish, and officiated here and in the neighboring towns for several months.

In August 1824, the Rev. Joseph Covill visited the parish, and his services were engaged for a year, to be employed three fourths of the time in St. Albans, and the remaining part at Swanton. This arrangement was afterwards altered so that one-half of his services were appropriated to St. Albans, and the other half to Swanton and Sheldon. The society at this time occupied a lower room in the Academy, which had been fitted up for the purpose.

In the Spring of 1825, the work of building a church edifice was commenced, and was completed by the liberal donations of its friends in the succeeding autumn.

The Church was consecrated by Bishop Griswold on the 16th of Oct. 1825. Mr. Covill in December, being in an infirm state of health, left St. Albans, and the society was again without a regular pastor till May 1826. Up to this time there were 28 baptisms and 20 confirmations. After Mr. Covill left the place, the society employed Mr. Luman Foote, of Burlington, who had been recently ordained. Mr. Foote continued his services in the church for several months, to the satisfaction of the people. In May 1826, the Rev. Sylvester Nash entered into an engagement with the parish, and in July following moved his family, and entered on the duties of Rector, and continued seven years, and was universally esteemed as a faithful Rector and Christian, and his resignation was much regretted by his society, as well as by others who usually attended his ministrations. During Mr. Nash's official term, 30 persons were confirmed, and 57 communicants were added to the church. The church remained without a pastor from the time of Mr. Nash's resignation, till the latter part of 1834, when Rev. Geo. Allen, of Burlington, was engaged as Rector.—He continued to officiate as Rector for about three years. He was an amiable, scholarly man, and in a quiet, unobtrusive manner, conducted the affairs of the parish to the entire satisfaction of the Church and Society.

Henry Hoyt became the Rector of the parish, and brought to the work of his ministry a thorough education, excellent talents, varied accomplishments, and a good reputation; piety and devotedness to his calling. During his rectorship, the church building was remodelled and improved, at an expense of about two thousand dollars; a fine bell was purchased and placed in the tower; and the fine toned organ which is now in the church was a present to the society by Mrs. Hoyt. Unfortunately for the parish, towards the latter part of his rectorship, Mr. Hoyt's views on the subject of religion were greatly changed, and he united himself to the Romish church. Mr. Hoyt, having resigned his rectorship, he was succeeded by the Rev. Joseph Perry. During Mr. Hoyt's ministry in the parish, there were 62 persons confirmed, and 88 communicants added to the church.—Mr. Perry was succeeded by the Rev. Charles Fay who commenced his services as Rector in August 1848, and continued very acceptably to the people of the parish, to perform the service of Rector for several years. He came to St. Albans from Louisiana, where he had been a Rector for three or four years. He expected to stay in St Albans but a year, but continued the sole Rector of the parish till April 1863, when, at his request, the vestry engaged the Rev. J. Isham Bliss, of Burlington, as an associate Rector of the parish. In August following, Mr. Fay resigned his pastorate in the church, and Mr. Bliss became the sole Rector in the parish, and has ever since continued his services as pastor very acceptably to the people, up to the present time, 1866. Recently the church edifice, built in 1825, has been torn down, and a more spacious and commodious building has been erected, of stone, at the expense of about $16,000, and carpeted and cushioned in a neat and appropriate manner.—The Episcopal church in St. Albans is now in prosperous circumstances, and the number of communicants now, 1866, amount to about two hundred.

The history of the first church edifice, built in 1825, as before mentioned, is somewhat singular, and as it belongs to the history of the town, it is not improper to relate it here. A little before the time of its erection the old brick jail, which stood on the spot where the church now stands, lately called St. Luke's church, was burnt; and it became necessary to build a jail. It was known that the people of St. Albans would be obliged to build it, as the county refused to grant a tax for the purpose. A contest now arose in the village respecting the place where the new jail should be erected. The people at the North end of the village desired a location farther north, which they though would be more central than the old location, and better accommodate the public. This project was opposed by those residing at the South end of the village; and they insisted that the new jail should be built where the former one was. Both parties seem to have entertained the strange notion that the best place for business would be near the jail. By the liberality of the Northerners, a spot of ground was purchased where the present jail now stands, and very liberal subscriptions were obtained in the same quarter towards building a jail. A sort of compromise was effected by giving up the old location of the prison for the purpose of erecting a church thereon, instead of a jail. This project seems to have satisfied the people in that part of the village. They seem to have been aware on reflection, that a church edifice would be as ornamental, and as beneficial to that section as a jail. Mr. Samuel Barlow, at that time, owned and kept a public house, which is now called the American house, at the corner of Main and Lake Streets. He was at the head of the opposition to the change of location for the jail, as he supposed it might injure his business. But he readily agreed to the compromise, and proceeded very energetically, to obtain subscriptions for a church.—By the liberality of a few individuals, among whom John Richardson, and Orange Ferriss were the most conspicuous, funds were raised, it was thought, sufficient for the purpose.—Mr. Barlow undertook the job with the consent of the subscribers to the fund, and went forward and built the church edifice, the first house of worship ever erected in St. Albans, except the Methodist chappel, built a year or two before. In the construction of the first church edifice, Mr. Barlow was more efficient in urging the work forward than any other person. It is, too much to say that no church would have been built, if it had not been for Mr. Barlow, but it may be safely said that no church would have been built at that time if Mr. Barlow had not been here to press the work forward. And yet he was not a communicant in the church, nor a public professor of religion.

We do not propose in this work to say much respecting the life and character of any person now living, or to give any but brief sketches of those who are known to be dead. But as the Rev. Sylvester Nash continued in St. Albans as the Rector of the parish longer than any of his predecessors; and as he died here among his friends and was buried in the cemetery in St. Albans, we think a short sketch of his life and services will be acceptable to his numerous friends in this community. When he was invited by the vestry of the church in St. Albans to become their Rector, he was preaching in Virginia. He accepted the call, and removed to St. Albans with his family, and was the Rector of the parish till 1833, owing to the state of his health, he thought it necessary to change his residence; and accordingly accepted a call to East Greenwich, R. I. He remained in that place three or four years, when, owing to a change in the pecuniary affairs of the society, he resigned his charge, and accepted a call to Saco, in the State of Maine.—At this place he resided about a year, when he accepted an invitation to Fort Hamilton, near the city of New York. In consequence of the failure and death of some of the principal members of the small society in that place, he relinquished his charge, and for a year or two was employed as a missionary in the Western part of Pennsylvania. From this place he removed to Waukegan in the State of Illinois, at the invitation of a society there. Here his services were very acceptable, and as he supposed his residence might be continued in this place for a considerable time, he purchased a house for himself and family. This was his last place of residence in his clerical capacity. His health, which had been for several years previous very poor, became such that after two or three years service as Rector of the parish, he was obliged to relinquish his parochial charge, and finally came to St. Albans in the Autumn of 1861, and died in March following.

Mr. Nash was a native of Enfield, Connecticut, and in his youth worked in the Springfield armory. He was reputed to be an ingenious mechanic. He subsequently worked a while in the same business at Harper's Ferry, Virginia. But he quit the mechanical business, and devoted his time and attention to theological studies. After the usual course of preparation for the ministry, he was ordained a deacon by the Bishop of Virginia. Mr. Nash's residence in St. Albans was longer than in any other place where he officiated as the pastor of a church; and his reputation in the town and vicinity continued to the last without a blemish. His removal from St. Albans was unanimously regretted.—He was of the low church order, and for this reason, perhaps, his character might not have been so highly appreciated by high church men as some others of the higher grade, but not of superior merit.

Minnie, The Orphan.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

It was a large, light room, with half a dozen maps hanging around the walls, and a few stiff-backed chairs ranged in geometrical precision—a room with no one home-association lingering in any of its four corners.—You might have told with one glance at its cleanly-swept green carpet and coldly-polished, curtainless windows, that it was the parlor of a public institution; and so, indeed, it was.

The brisk and spectacled little matron of the orphan asylum sat leaning back in her comfortable rocking-chair, while four or five little girls, with closely-cut hair and downcast eyes, stood in a row before her, their long blue aprons and flaxen-light hair giving them an odd resemblance to a row of blue-bells in a flower-garden; while Mrs. Philo Parker, in her rustling robes, of golden green silk, and cherry-colored bonnet strings, might have passed for a gaudy and full-blown specimen of the tribe peony.

"I think she'll answer my purpose very well," said Mrs. Parker. "What did you say her name was—Minnie?"

"Minnie Grove. Step forward, child," said the matron, nodding encouragingly at a slender little creature of about thirteen, whose blue eyes were dilated, and her cheeks blanched with a sort of shy terror." And Minnie stepped forward under the full fire of Mrs. Parker's searching gray eyes.

"I hope she hasn't any relations," went on Mrs. Parker. "I never want a girl with forty uncles and aunts, and cousins, running after *her* the whole time!"

"You will have no trouble in that respect," said the matron, with a gentle sigh. "I don't think Minnie has a soul belonging to her in the wide world. Her mother died in great poverty about three years ago in New York, and Minnie knows nothing whatever about herself, poor child."

"Th at's just as it should be," said Mrs. Parker, with a self-satisfied air. "Poor people have no business to have any relations. Well, I guess I'll take her."

"You will be kind to the poor little orphan, ma'am," said the matron, wistfully.

"Of course I shall," said Mrs. Parker, tossing the cherry-colored ribbons. "She will have the best of homes in my family."

"I should like to have her go to church at least once every Sunday, and——"

"To be sure—to be sure," said Mrs. Parker, rising as if she did not care to prolong the conversation. "She shall have every opportunity; I hope you don't take me for a heathen. Is that child crying? I hope she isn't one of the whimpering kind!"

The matron's cheek flushed a little as she whispered one or two cheering words to Minnie.

And so Minnie Grove's little parcel was packed, and her pink checked sunbonnet tied on, and she meekly followed Mrs. Parker out of the wide gateways that had sheltered her orphanage so long.

"Minnie!"

"Yes, ma'am."

"What are you doing this morning? Why haven't you cracked the nuts, and polished the apples, and cleared the ashes out of the parlor grate, when you know we're going to have company to dinner."

"I should be late at church, ma'am—I have only just got ready now, and the bells have stopped ringing. I'll see that the work is done after I return."

Mrs. Parker's gray eyes sparkled balefully.

"Take off your things, Miss, and stay at home. I've had quite enough of this running to church, and this shall be the last of it."

Minnie's cheek flushed and then grew pale.

"But, Mrs. Parker, you promised—"

"I don't care what I promised. You are indentured to me until you are eighteen years old, and I intend you shall earn your living. Not another word, but obey me."

And Mrs. Parker stalked out of the damp, mouldy kitchen, with the air of a tragedy queen, while Minnie sat down among the pots and pans and cried bitterly. During all her trials and tribulations the sweet sunshine of the Sabbath day had cast its light through all the dreary ensuing week—it had been something to look forward to, to think of, and to anticipate. Now its gentle influence was withdrawn roughly and abruptly, and Minnie felt that she was indeed alone.

Minnie was dusting the parlor chairs the next morning, as Miss Angeline Parker sauntered into the parlor in a tumbled silk wrapper.

"Mamma," she drawled, languidly, "I left my parasol down at Waters's on Saturday. Can't Minnie go after it?" "It's raining," said Mrs. Parker, looking doubtfully out of the window, "but—"

"It isn't raining very hard, and I am afraid it will be stolen."

"Minnie, said Mrs. Parker authoritatively, "put on your hat and shawl and go to Waters's lace store at once for Miss Angelic's parasol."

Minnie glanced out at the driving torrent of rain with a sinking heart.

"If I might wait until after the shower, ma'am," she pleaded in a low voice.

"Obey me instantly," ejaculated Mrs. Parker, with an imperative stamp of her foot.

So Minnie went.

"Mamma," said Miss Angeline, a day or two afterwards, "I didn't sleep two winks last night with Minnie's coughing. I do wish you would put a stop to it."

"Minnie," exclaimed Mrs. Parker, turning round to the pale young girl, who was polishing the windows, "what do you mean by disturbing Miss Angelic?"

"Indeed, ma'am, I could not help it," faltered poor Minnie, "but my cough was very bad indeed. I got so drenched with the rain the other day that——"

"Pooh—nonsense! it's all affectation, every bit of it," said Mrs. Parker, petulantly, "The idea of your putting on airs, and pretending to be an invalid—but I'll not endure any such trumpery. Don't let us have occasion to complain again."

All that weary night Minnie tossed to and fro, trying to stifle her hectic cough in the scant pillow, lest Miss Angeline's pampered slumbers should be disturbed, and wondering if all the world was as joyless and dreary as the brief glimpse she had already had of it.

When she rose in the morning, pale and unrested, with dark circles round her eyes, and a dizzy feeling in her brain, the snow was piled high against the attic window panes, and the wind was shrieking in shrill gusts down the street.

"Minnie! Minnie!" echoed Mrs. Parker's sharp, discordant voice up the stairway, "get your broom and the snow shovel, and clear the snow off the sidewalk. Those loafing men charge a quarter for doing it, and you may as well save the money for me.—Come—make haste!"

"It's very cold, ma'am," pleaded poor Minnie, "and my head aches terribly."

"Stuff!" exclaimed Mrs. Parker. "I won't have any fine-lady airs—the fresh air is all you want. Be quick, now, and you'll finish before it's time to set the breakfast table."

Half an hour subsequently, Mrs. Parker was startled by a brisk peal of her front door bell.

"Well, what's wanting now?" she demanded, putting her pink cap-ribbons gingerly out into the snow.—"Bless me, what's the matter?"

For a stalwart policeman stood there, his hat and shoulders thickly powdered with snow, and a drooping figure supported in his arms.

"Matter? your girl's fainted away, or something. It's a shame to send such a white-faced thing out into a storm like this."

And Mrs. Parker took poor Minnie in, secretly gnashed her teeth at the idea of a bound girl's having mortal frailty and weakness. Truly, it was a great presumption.

"What a pity that Minnie should take it into her ridiculous head to be sick at such a time as this," groaned Mrs. Parker, as she looked out her silver and cut glass for the decoration of a gala dinner table. "And that rich East Indian client of your father's coming to dinner, too."

"Isn't Minnie any better to-day?" asked Angeline, yawning.

"No, I suppose not; any way, she won't get up."

"Pshaw!" said Angeline, spitefully, "she's as well as I am, if she only chose to say so."

"Your father was saying something about sending for a doctor if she didn't get better."

"Fiddlestick!" said Miss Angeline. "A doctor doctor, indeed! it's only that she likes lying in bed better than working. Mamma, what dress shall I wear? It's a great shame that Minnie can't curl my hair for me."

"Put on your blue silk, Angelic, with the white lace trimming; it is so becoming to your fair hair and delicate complexion. These old bachelors are unaccountable creatures, and there's no saying but that he will put the whole of his business into your father's hands if you succeed in making a favorable impression."

Accordingly, Mrs. and Miss Parker were attired in their best that afternoon, as the door opened and the two gentlemen came in—Mr. Parker tall and thin, with green spectacles and a cadaverous countenance, and Mr. Elliott a portly, brown-faced man, with fiery black eyes and a mobile mouth, but partially concealed by heavy gray moustaches.

"Delighted to see you, I am sure, Mr. Elliott," said Mrs. Parker, sweetly, while Miss Angeline courtesied nearly to the floor. "Pray take the easy chair."

"Yes, yes, I—I dare say," sputtered the East Indian, beginning a nervous trot up and down the room; "but I don't want to sit down. Parker, do not keep me in suspense any longer."

Mrs. Parker looked at her husband in surprise. Mr. Parker polished his spectacles.

"My dear, here's a very singular state of things—very, indeed. Mr. Elliott has been making inquiries, since his return, after an only sister he had somehow managed to loose sight of—married against his wishes, I believe—and he learns that she died in this city about five years ago, in very indigent circumstances——"

"How very sad!" sighed Mrs. Parker, sympathetically.

"Leaving," went on Mr. Parker, "a daughter, who was sent to the Medbrooke Orphan Asylum."

Mrs. Parker opened her eyes very wide.

"And who was named Minnie—or Mary—Grove."

"Minnie Grove!" ejaculated Mrs. Parker, in a sort of scream.

"Our Minnie!" echoed Miss Angeline.

"And now," interrupted the choleric stranger, bringing his foot down emphatically on the velvet tulips and lilies of the hearth-rug, "I want my niece Minnie. Where is she?"

Mrs. Parker stood rooted to the floor in discomfiture and amazement, while Angeline sank back on the sofa, not forgetting to be as picturesque as possible in the midst of her dismay and chagrin.

"I say, where is she?" roared the East Indian. "I want my niece!"

"She—she isn't feeling very well to-day," faltered Mrs. Parker, "and she is up in her own room. I advised her to rest awhile."

"Then take me to her!"

"Yes—but I'm not exactly sure—that is, I think she ought to be kept perfectly quiet," stammered Mrs. Parker, thinking of poor Minnie's carpetless floor, and rickety cot-bed, with a thrill of apprehension.

"Perfectly fiddlestick! I tell you I *will* see my neice! Parker, show me the way to her room, or I'll find it for myself!"

Mrs. Parker looked appealingly to her husband, but that gentleman's sharp, legal eye, saw no outlet of escape.

"My dear, show Mr. Elliott up," he said, meekly, and Mrs. Parker had no choice but to obey.

It was a dismal little attic room, with a sloping roof, and one dormer window, half-hidden with high-piled snow. And upon a narrow cot-bed, entirely alone, lay the only relative that Walter Elliott, the wealthy East Indian, could claim in all the wide world.

She did not turn her head as they entered. Mrs. Parker approached the bedside with an insinuating voice.

"Minnie, dear—are you asleep?"

Asleep—yes, she was asleep, but it was that deep, dreamless slumber that never knows waking to mortal trials or sorrows.

"Good heavens!" shrieked Mrs. Parker, recoiling, "she is dead!"

"Dead!" screamed Angeline.

"Dead!" sternly repeated Walter Elliott, growing very pale. "Dead! and in *this* hole!"

"It can't be possible!" exclaimed Mr. Parker. "It must be a mistake!"

But there was no possibility of mistaking the seal of the great Destroyer upon that white forehead, and around the marble lips.

Walter Elliott's wealth had come too late! Solitary and unfriended, Minnie Grove had passed into the land where God's children shall never more say "I am alone."

She was buried under the most gorgeous mausoleum that gold could purchase, with a chiseled marble angel bending over her dust, as if it mattered not how or where she was laid to rest. And Walter Elliott went back to the tropics without placing his business in Mr. Parker's hands.

"You have murdered my niece!" he said, sternly, when the various reports of Minnie's wretched life reached his ears—reports that would not be suppressed, in spite of Mrs. Parker's endeavors to still the tongue of popular gossip.

Thus ended the brief, sad life, of Minnie the orphan. Would to Heaven there were not too many such lives in our midst.

Japanese Jugglers.

The San Fransisco correspondent to the Chicago Tribune sends the following: A troupe of Japanese jugglers came here a few days since, and are now playing to crowded houses nightly at the Academy of Music. They visit New York soon, and I presume you will see them in Chicago before leaving for Europe. They are the first in their profession who have ever visited foreign Countries, and are rare curiosities in their way. Their feats in legerdemain are much in the same line with those of the Chinese jugglers, and not superior, but their feats of strength, and muscular activity and rigidity, and impassibility of mind and body, beat anything on earth. I will describe a single feat for a sample:

A man stretches himself on a table on his back, and puts his legs straight up into the air at right angles with his body. A boy 12 years of age then climbs upon his feet, and lays down on his back, closing his arms, legs and head up so as to form into the shape of a turtle. The man then whirls him around in every conceivable manner, with such rapidity that the eye cannot follow the movements, using only the soles of his naked feet to do it. Then he tosses the boy up into the air, and an attendant places a wooden box, about the size of a soda cracker box on the feet of the man, and the boy rests upon it, and box and boy are whirled together in a similar manner.

Then the boy and box come down, a young man climbs upon the upraised feet, and, lying down upon his back, raises his feet in turn straight up. The old man pitches the young man up, a box is placed between his feet and the back of the young man, then another box on the young man's feet, and then the little boy climbs up to the top of that, lays down on his back, and puts up his feet. Then the boy rolls over on his side, the box falls from under him, and he falls upon the feet of the young man, who does the same thing in turn, and then when the boxes are disposed of the two men and boy tumble apart and strike right side up, like cats, on their feet on the floor. Another:

The old man stretches himself on his back on the table and puts up his feet as before. Attendants bring in a frame work, like a dooryard gate, consisting of two upright sticks of square timber, say three inches in diameter, held together, about three feet apart, by two cross-bars which run through the lower part of a bamboo some twenty-five feet in length, and about the size of a man's wrist. This is lifted by attendants, and the lower ends of the two uprights placed on the upraised feet of the man on the table. He balances the framework and bamboo on his feet, and the feat excites the audience to shouts of applause.

Then the little boy again comes in, strips himself, and climbs on the table then on the upraised feet, and then to the top of the gate or H-shaped framework, where he rests and commences to fan himself. The man below is lying as if made of iron, not a muscle moving, and how he manages to balance the whole framework, boy, and tall bamboo in air at once, having nothing whatever to hold on by, is a mystery. Then the boy wraps a band around his head, gir.is up his loins, and climbs deliberately to the top of the pole, which bends like a willow beneath his weight and swings him back and forth in the air precisely as if he were climbing a flexible young sapling.

When he reaches the top he loses his balance and slides down the bamboo nearly to the bottom, while the spectators hold their breath in terror. He catches himself before reaching the bottom, opens his fan, and commences fanning himself. The audience applaud immensely. Now he climbs again to the top, catches the upturned toes of one foot half around the top of the bamboo, and slowly drops his body down until it stands out at right angles with the pole, his arms being folded across his breast at the time.

STERLING PRICE.—A correspondent of the Cincinnati (O.) Commercial says: "Last Sunday, I saw in St. Louis, at the dinner table of the Southern Hotel, Sterling Price. I saw before me a poor old man, whom peace and honor made plethoric, whom war has made bald and lean. His great shoulders bent under their dwindled flesh; his feet were shrunken in their gaiters, and rattled like a pair of spurs; he had lost the battle-light from his eyes, the bronze from his knuckles; his voice of command was lost so that the waiter bent to hear his choice of soups. Destitute in his disappointed age, the spectre of a dining-table, one-half of the guests who looked upon him pitifully, had been his soldiers in the war. Three times he swept Missouri—slew Lyon, stormed Mulligan, bearded Jeff Davis. Now he eats like the seventh stage of man."

☞ The shame of poverty, the shame of being thought poor, is a great and fatal weakness, though arising in this country from the fashions of the times themselves.